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LIFE

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July 26 1928



The Photographer: Now—SMILE!

For President  WILL ROGERS

From Scratch to "Forty" in . . . Seconds!

A flying getaway—"forty"—then a dead stop in a few yards. That's modern traffic. And your tires must meet its grind and wear.

Hood tires are built to meet these modern conditions. To give more satisfactory mileage, comfort and safety . . . even with the higher speeds, smaller wheels, four-wheel brakes and the quicker starts and stops of present-day motoring.

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*Hood tires are worth more
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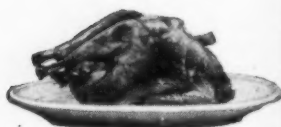

 THE SYMBOL OF WORLD WIDE SERVICE IN QUALITY RUBBER PRODUCTS



**THE FOOD FADDIST WHOSE WIFE TOOK
HIS PREACHING LITERALLY AND STOPPED
SERVING BREAD WITH HIS MEALS**

This cartoon is published in an effort to awaken the public to the danger of following the literature and advice of food faddists or fakers when they should depend on a licensed doctor or dietitian for correct diet information. ☞ To anyone interested, we shall be glad to mail, without charge, a copy of "Facts About Bread and its Rightful Place in the Diet"—a booklet containing statements by the country's most eminent nutritional authorities. ☞ Address Dept. 321, Washburn Crosby Company, millers of Gold Medal Flour, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Milk—the Builder



$\frac{1}{8}$ lb. Chicken

**ONE QUART
OF MILK IN
ENERGY FOOD
VALUE EQUALS
ANY OF THESE**



8 Eggs



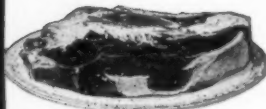
2 lbs. Potatoes



$\frac{9}{16}$ Oranges



$4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Lobster



$\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Beefsteak

Each of these foods has its own value. The comparison is only for "energy value"—the property which gives the body strength and power to carry on its activities.

FROM the moment baby's eyes open upon a strange world his demand is for food—food that will build a sturdy body and help him grow. Nature provides milk for his needs. In milk are found in right proportion all the many kinds of food required in the business of body-building. Throughout babyhood and youth the elements contained in milk are essential to sound growth.

As a general rule, milk should not be regarded as a beverage to be taken when thirsty, like water. It is a food and should be sipped (eaten) slowly. In milk

are found a greater number of the materials required by the body than in any other one food.

Milk contains minerals from which the bones and teeth are made, elements which produce strong muscles—as well as vitamins to assist growth and to ward off disease. There is no part of the body which it does not nourish.

The boys and girls who have milk regularly all through childhood have a better foundation of health—more rugged bodies to carry them through life—than

those who have little or no milk. They will have more reserve strength with which to fight illness.

A quart of milk a day, in some form, should be the rule for every child all through the growing period. A few children have a real or imagined aversion to milk. But even with them, the doctor may find that they can take it and enjoy it if served as cocoa or in soups, sauces, custards, puddings, or frozen desserts.

Encourage your boys and girls to appreciate milk. Make them understand that for most people it is the finest all-around food in the world. Tell them what it will do for their bodies. Children love games. Teach them the game of body-building. Protein "bricks" for strong muscles; lime "bricks" for bones and teeth; milk sugar "bricks" and fat "bricks" for energy and warmth. All these and other building materials in milk.

Not only is milk a builder—it is a repairer, as well. That is why it is important that adults also should have a regular supply—not so much as children—but a glass or two a day or the equivalent amount served with other foods. Milk is a great help to men and women who want to keep strong, vigorous and youthful. But remember that milk has so much food value that when added to the diet a smaller quantity of other foods may be sufficient.

To take milk regularly is the surest and easiest way of making certain that you give your body the variety of food materials it needs to keep you in good physical condition.

Give milk to the children and—take it yourself.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company wishes to emphasize the importance of getting clean milk and keeping it clean after it reaches the home. Much of the difficulty in bringing babies safely through their second summer comes from the dangers which lie in impure milk or milk improperly cared for—milk left uncovered or without sufficient ice-protection.

Find out whether or not the milk you buy comes from a dairy where every scientific precaution has been used to keep the milk free from contamination—from the time of milking to its delivery.

Many of the great dairies, realizing the difficulties of safeguarding every bottle of milk during the hours in transit, take no chances and pasteurize it. Many cities and towns

demand that practically all milk must be pasteurized. In some cities special certificates of quality are issued upon convincing evidence of clean and safe handling and the testing of cattle for tuberculosis. Dairies which have such recognition are glad to show copies of dairy reports upon which their special certificates are issued.

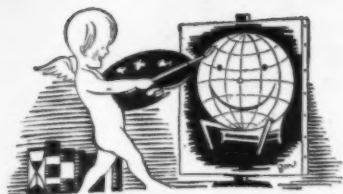
If your milk supply is not pasteurized or certified, it is advisable that you pasteurize your milk at home. Complete and simple directions together with other valuable information will be found in our booklet, 88-F, "All About Milk". It will be mailed free upon request to the Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HALEY FISKE, President.

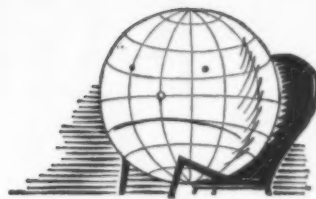


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LIFE



ANALYZING THE POLITICAL HOOCH

"What's on Your Hip Is Bound to Be on Your Mind"

by

WILL ROGERS

SAY — didn't Clem Shaver's wife curdle the milk in the Democratic barnyard, She says they can't fool her with that Clown Platform, that it's nothing but a Trap door.

She says Smith might fool some of them by making 'em think he can stand one foot in a water bucket and the other on a clothes line, But that she has been mixed up in Politics too long for that.

So that started the Women all over the Country to kinder taking soundings and seeing just how bad they had been bunked, when they were told that the whole thing was to be as dry as a three-time Widow's handkerchief.

So it looks like the Women are headed for Hoover, and where the women go naturally the knee pants Boys will go.

So it looks like that won't leave Al anybody but the men, and there just ain't many of them any more.

Then right in the midst of what should have remained a calm, why Dr. Work broke in with the following, "We will

not allow our Speakers to refer to Prohibition, This Campaign will be instructive."

Why my Lord, Doc, there is nothing more instructive than to tell a man where to get a drink. What else is there of an instructive nature nowadays? You can't read Coolidge record in every speech from now till November.

Why the Declaration of Independence is only read once a year and then only to defenseless School Children, who can't prevent it, And you can't tell me that Coolidge minutes of this last meeting is greater than Thomas Jefferson's Scenario.

Besides Coolidge has got some things in there that even you Doc wouldn't want brought up over once.

So you are going to have to get away from Statistics, Figures are all right to quote, but the best time to quote 'em is after election, and then only in numbers of Plurality.

Now it's mighty noble of you Dr. Work to not want Liquor dragged into

a perfectly high classed soul-inspiring Campaign.

But what's on your Hips is bound to sooner or later percolate to your mind, And what's on your mind is bound to break out in talk, And when you speak of talk, you just about have spoken of all Politics, For that's all it is.

Both of your parties are in a hole on Prohibition, and you are both trying to Bull your way through and hold both sides.

Neither one of you had the nerve to come right out and say one way or the other.

Both of you are trying to grab both Wets, and Drys.

You both can word phrases and interpretations any way you want to that looks like it might get a wet Voter and NOT lose a Dry.

But you either got to be one or the other, Wet or Dry, and there just ain't enough words in old man Webster's Dic-

"Mister Smith and Mister Hoover, you are hereby notified that you have been nominated for the presidency."



"Really? Well, this is great news!"



"Mister Rogers, you are hereby notified that you have been nominated for the presidency."



"Aw, I knew it. I saw it in the papers."



tionary to hide behind, If the people would just use their head for one minute and ask themselves, "HOW CAN A MAN BE FOR TWO OPPOSITE THINGS AT THE SAME TIME?"

It's fine of them to want to run a Campaign on a high plane, But it would be just like me wanting to conduct my Campaign on a strictly Gramatical basis.

I would like to, But I just ain't equipped for it, and that's the way they are. With Politicians as the tools you just ain't equipped to conduct anything on a HIGH Plane.

The whole election won't be a month old till everybody in it will Revert back to type, So that will give you a sort of a rough idea of how low it will get by fall.

So that's where the Anti-Bunk Party is a-lying now, Just to grab up the fellow that can see these other two boys are nice Kids, But they are just running for the Jobs.

They got their minds set on the tail end of Pennsylvania Avenue, and they will promise anything short of perpetual motion to have Senators eat breakfast with 'em.

Both as I say are personally O. K. But the lads are bogged up in Applesauce with their platform,

"A Campaign on a High Plane."

Scorer, register the first Home run of the Comedy Campaign.

So our party may not get many votes, but we got many a laugh coming before fall, and we've got our conscience intact.

Please Don't Send Us Money

We Want Votes—Not Liberty Bonds

A CONSIDERABLE number of citizens, inflamed with enthusiasm for the Anti-Bunk Party and its invincible candidate, have been sending financial contributions to our campaign fund.

This practice must stop!

To begin with, we haven't any campaign fund—and we don't want to injure our amateur standing by starting to collect one. If one of those Senate Investigating Committees heard that we were

accepting gifts from the public, they'd subpoena Our Candidate and make him come to Washington, which is unbearably hot in the summer, and anyway, we can't afford to have him wasting his time talking to Senators.

So please don't send us any more money, especially in the form of Liberty Bonds or postage stamps. Liberty Bonds would get us into trouble (even if we sent them right back, as Mellon did) and stamps stick to our fingers.

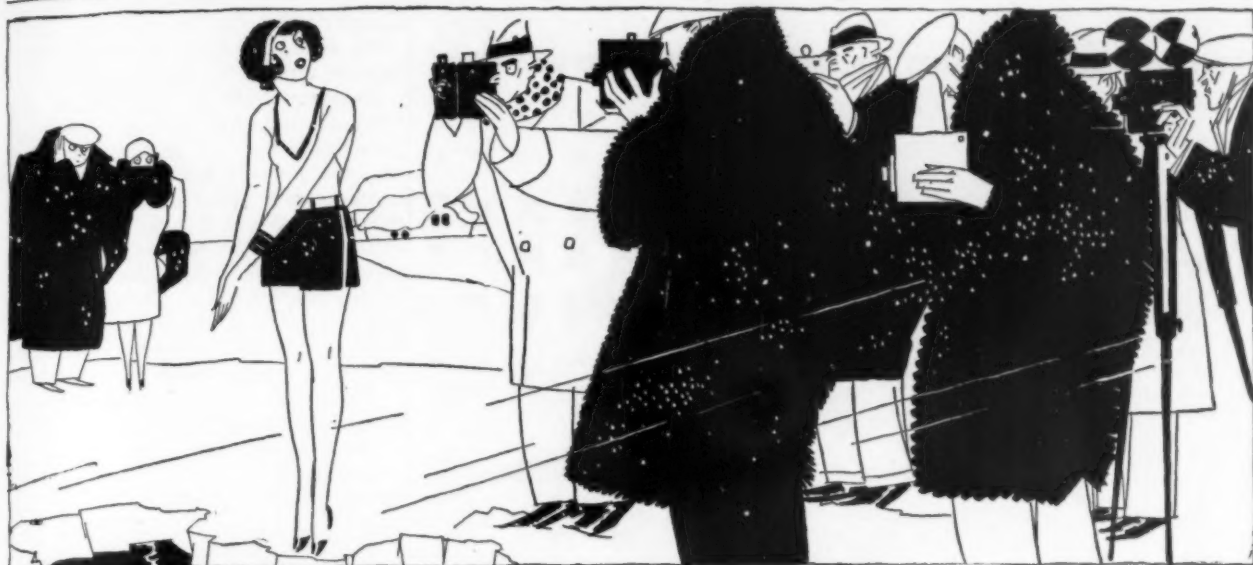
MEMBERSHIP in the Anti-Bunk Party is open to all. We can't buy any votes, but we'll accept any number of them as gifts.

Whatever your previous party affiliations—whatever section of the country you come from—whatever your bank-roll—whatever church you go to or stay away from—whatever your taste in liquor—if you're an enemy of Bunk, you're a friend of Will Rogers', and we want you with us.

If you want to sign up with the Anti-Bunk Party, and vote for Rogers, send in your name to Rogers Campaign Headquarters, 598 Madison Ave., New York.



THE BLINDFOLD TEST FOR CAMPAIGN CIGARS
The Voter Can Pick Out the "Old Hokum" Every Time



THE GIRL WHO GETS INTO ALL THE ROTOGRAVURE SECTIONS BY GOING SWIMMING IN MID-WINTER....



DECIDES TO SEIZE SOME PUBLICITY IN THE SUMMER, AS WELL.

Hollywood Pastimes (A Rosy Future)

"HELLO, Fred."

"Hello, Ed. How's things?"

"Great. Marvelous. Couldn't be better. I'm dickering with the Magnificent-Goldfarb outfit now. They wanta gimme a five-year contract starting at a grand a week and doubling every six months."

"What a break! Congratulations, Ed."

"And there's a fellow wants to buy my property out in Beverly Hills. I'm holding off, though he's willing to gimme more'n three times what I paid for it."

"Well, that's certainly great!"

"And my wife's grandmother is on the sick list. The old dame's worth over a million. We're a cinch to inherit every cent of it."

"Well, well, well—you don't say."

"Say—by the way, old man—could you—er—just until I sign my contract—next week—oh, just a couple of hundred—I'll pay it right back."

"Sorry, Ed, but I haven't got it. I haven't worked since—"

"Well, make it a hundred—or what about fifty? Oh, twenty-five'll do. I'll sell that property sure next week and the old

dame is awful low—have you got ten bucks on you?"

Robert Lord.

INNOVATION

"How much for that used car?"

"Six hundred and a quarter."

"How much for cash?"

"Gosh, I don't know! We never sold one that way."

A DAISY may tell her you love her but it takes an orchid to prove it.



TRAIN ROBBER: See if ya can find any letters from Honduras, Hocko. Me kid brother's got a stamp collection.

Studies in Crime

IN Brooklyn there is a sad case of persecution by the police. The family which is being hounded is—or was—two in number—Mrs. Fannie Bonderchuck, and her husband, John.

If the *Herald Tribune* has collected the true facts in the matter, an aroma of homicide, a faint miasma of murder surrounds the House of Bonderchuck.

Mr. Bonderchuck's calling is that of a washer of motor cars, and this keeps him busy at night, while the motorists sleep. In bed, one morning recently, at the seasonable hour of 10 A. M., after his night in the damp surroundings of hose, sponges and dripping automobiles, he was awakened by the return of his wife. Whence she was returning, or what either of them said, does not appear in the record. The head of the family closed his eyes again, and remained at peace until 2 P. M.

At that hour he arose, and was deeply concerned to discover that while he slept somebody had made so free as to murder Mrs. Bonderchuck, right in the same bedroom. There she was, dying, on the floor.

His second story, according to the police—for he was, in a sense, a second-story man—is that he went out of the house between ten and two o'clock, and that when he came back he found his wife in *extremis*.

This does seem a better and more con-

vincing narrative, and if the police have human hearts in their bosoms, they will let him adopt it in his definitive edition.

At all events, with husbandly solicitude, he rushed out of the house, and fetched Dr. Joseph Hoffman to treat the wounds of the injured lady. It was too late, however, for when the doctor arrived, the washer of automobiles was already a widower.

Dr. Hoffman decided that Mrs. Bonderchuck had been beaten to death, and



"Oh, Captain, I came up to ask you if you'd mind steering more to the north. My husband has never seen an iceberg."

thought it his duty to notify the police. They came, and soon made the husband submit to the indignity of arrest.

Inspector Sullivan pointed out that hasty attempts had been made to wash up stains in the apartment, and suggested to Mr. Bonderchuck that these pure ablutions were his. The widower rejected the idea, and said that his wife had been cleaning up. He did not advance any theory about the assassination, except to imitate the White King, when Alice saw the White Queen fleeing across country, and to make a vague allusion to "some enemy" who might have been in pursuit.

The police declined to release him. They remembered Mrs. Bonderchuck, and on investigation found that she had acquired her frolicsome name by marriage with John of that clan as lately as last April.

In January, 1928, she had been Mrs. Joseph Krulick, living on the same street in Brooklyn and not far away. Something tragic had happened to her husband—in fact, he had been slain with an axe. On January 11, the police charged David Murlick and the widow—Mrs. Krulick-Bonderchuck—with committing this offense.

She left the jail, however, without a stain on her character. Later, she testified in Court that Mr. Murlick had been forced to kill Mr. Krulick in self-defense. What has happened to Mr. Murlick I do not know, but as nothing very painful is done to 199 out of 200 killers, we may feel sure that he is happily preserved somewhere.

The police began to regard the lives and times of the Bonderchucks with more than passing interest. Peering into the record of their prisoner, the automobile washer, they found that he was just a simple, old-fashioned home-body: the kind that likes to stretch out in an easy chair, with pipe and book. This was shown by the fact that there had not been any murder—I mean that there had not been any *other* murder—in his bourgeois existence since 'way, 'way back in 1926.

Strange, is it not, how we are content with a humdrum life! Just the drab daily routine suffices for so many of us.

That is how it had been with John Bonderchuck for twenty-four long months. In 1926, however, his first wife, or perhaps, his earlier wife, Edna, had died, violently, at their home in New Lots Avenue. She had been stabbed over the heart. The husband had been subjected to some annoyance: detention and inquiries, but a Grand Jury had not found sufficient evidence, and he was released.

In April, '28, came the romantic alliance with the winner of the Murlick-



"I was thinking if I didn't have any arms and didn't have any head and didn't have any legs or any stummick, I'd be a wishbone."



ALONG THE MAIN STEM

DEAR PAL WILLARD:

Most of us are going goofy around Broadway trying to find diversion. The most harmless whoopee, though not a new vogue by any means, is the manufacturing of punned sentences. You sit around and ask for a word and then you try to be clever. If the others blackball your effort, then it is your turn to crack some ice and I've done so poorly at the game that my right wrist has a Charley-horse. I think Dorothy Parker's sentence with the word "burlesque" is a nifty, anyway. The line goes this way: "Waiter, I think I'll have two soft burlesque for breakfast." George S. Kaufman, the dramatic editor of the *New York Times*, clowning around with the word "paraphernalia" like this: "My friend Mitzi swallowed a candle—so I asked him: 'Did the paraphernalia?'" and when Percy Hammond was asked to make up a line with the word "estuary" he chirped: "I

estuary confidentially." No, Willard, they are not really highbrows, after all.

Speaking of the so-called highbrows, most of them aspire for different vocations from the ones they pursue. It is a fact that George Jean Nathan would give anything to perfect a clog dance routine. Sinclair Lewis aspires to be a monologist with a Swede dialect. Ashton Stevens, the dramatic critic of Chicago, got his job by teaching William Randolph Hearst how to play the banjo, and Edna Ferber, the author, would rather sing bass. Burton Rascoe, the literary critic and editor, is taking sleight-of-hand lessons, Henry L. Mencken says he would like to be a Marathon dancer and Texas Guinan is stage-struck.

I almost forgot to tell you that I heard how the word "tip" was created. It is English argot and they say that in London many years ago the restaurants placed small tin boxes on the tables, the boxes being marked "To Insure Promptness." Those patrons wishing quick service would deposit coins in the box. Thus "tip"—the initials of "To Insure Promptness."

Among other best sellers, if you know where the booklegger can be located, is "Immortalia," a tome containing numerous suppressed lyrics. The original version of "Frankie and Johnnie" is in it and there are several other very salty pieces, but the smarter-apartment dwellers who

display the book in their libraries do not blush. They merely point out that the book includes the works of such nice fellows as James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field and if you try to argue against it you are simply told to go comb your hair. Which reminds me that a sister book tagged "Anecdota Americana" provides thousands of smoking-car fables and was compiled by a lad who once was New York's official censor for such things after the Sumner manner. The book is peddled at \$25 a copy or more if you look yappy.

I didn't tell you that Malcolm Douglas, who is manager of Ziegfeld's New Amsterdam Theater (the most sophisticated spot on 42nd Street), writes children's verse for *St. Nicholas Magazine*. . . . That Chick Chandler, who is Howard Chandler Christy's nevew, has turned ham actor. . . . That a boarding house in the Forties features a sign reading: "Rooms for Rent—With Bath or Piano." . . . That 45th Street has as many theaters now as 42nd Street—eleven. . . . That when you describe anyone as being a Broadway Pal you make a gesture of slitting the throat at the same time. . . . That the editor of the



Graphic is a piccolo player when nobody is looking.....That you never hear of the Muriel Cigar any more since Alexander Woollcott indorsed it.That Charles Francis Coe, the author of "Me—Gangster," was once the Navy's heavyweight champion under a different name.....That the Château Madrid, an open-air night club, has opened on 54th Street.....That Ex-Senator Newberry of Michigan has a brother in the chorus of a Broadway flop.That Broadwayfarers have replaced "That's my girl" or "That's my steady" with "That's my heart"....and that Heywood Broun, the writer who once was an actor, wants to go back on the stage again. He probably misses the smell of bad notices. *Walter Winchell.*

Little Rambles with Serious Thinkers

DID you ever ask what you know about a man? You could not tell the color of his eyes or hair, nor what kind of clothes he wears, but you would know him if you saw him turning the corner two blocks away. It is the indefinable "It" about him that you recognize.

—*Dr. Frank Crane.*

Men have "It" more often than women.

—*Madame Elinor Glyn.*

Faith is the unimpaired meat of God in the nutshell of expectancy.—*The Very Rev. Philips S. Gilman, Dean of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of Orlando, Fla.*

Gorillas never kill their wives.

—*Arthur Brisbane.*

Illness is a cause for genuine worry—especially if it is chronic.

—*Louis E. Bisch, M.D., Ph.D.*

Great responsibilities come only to those who can bear them. Upon America has been laid the weight of the world's assay. She has made good every measure and returned in full every just claim. She has raised, often, the sword. But just as often has she hopefully sheathed it. May victory always be hers. May the vanquished be worthy of such a victor.

—*Harry Hershfield.*

Precious stones have no lure for those who cannot appreciate them.

—*Bernarr Macfadden.*

Nothing is so clear as that America is just a big boy.—*Will Durant.*



The Toilers

Sales Talks

"Just step over here to the glass sir there you are sir there's a real classy garment a real piece of merchandise oh yes yes we'll fix them sleeves that ain't nothing at all just look at the way that coat drapes on the shoulders and through here it's a real garment sir a real garment I could sell you any of those other suits but this is the suit I want to sell you because it's new it's what the classy young fellows is all wearing if I sell you that suit I know you'll come back to me and say Mr. Beckster pick me out another suit that last one was a wow why say I got fellows in this town won't have any other salesman on the floor go near 'em except me yes sir lots of 'em they depend on me to sell 'em what's right class real class in that garment you won't see many on the street like that we only had one in

a size in that pattern it's real novel and it fits you like the varnish fits the table there's a broker on Wall Street one of the biggest operators in town wearing a suit exactly like that yes sir the very same suit only a forty-six instead of a thirty-eight I know because I sold it to him just step into the dressing-room there and see how the vest and pants are for fit."

—*W. Boyce Morgan.*

DIVERSION

VICKERS: I'm surprised to hear he's been making love to other women—his wife simply dotes on him.

WICKERS: I guess maybe he wants an antidote.

OF course there would be this about sending Al Smith to Washington: it would be the Original New York Cast.



THE THEATRE

Try-outs

BETWEEN the closing of one theatrical season and the opening of the next ("comes a pause in the day's occupations that is known as the Children's Hour") several hundred plays are "tried out" in the provinces to see what they need before being brought into New York. It is usually found that they need amputation just below and just above the knee. Not enough of them, however, are thrown into the incinerator after the try-out. The managements of many of them seem to have some ingenious idea that they can be "fixed" and that they will then knock the metropolis cold. "The third act needs a little rewriting," they say hopefully, "and we need someone else as the parson, but aside from that we're set." And there is another drama lined up for us slaves of the public to write an obituary for.



Avid, as usual, for news, this department has been spending these hot summer weeks going about the Atlantic seaboard spying on abortive dramatic entertainments in the outlying districts, with an eye (sometimes one eye, sometimes two) for possible metropolitan material in the fall. And we must admit that, so far as we have seen, nothing is fit to come into New York at all.

Take, for example, the show put on for the benefit of the Yacht Club at Sinosset, Rhode Island. It was called "The Sinosset Follies of 1928," a title implying that there have been others like it in years past and are likely to be more in the future. Reason totters at the very thought of such a sequence. We have laws against liquor and smallpox. Are the "Sinosset Follies" going to be allowed to run their course year after year? It were better that the Sinosset Yacht Club fell into decay like the castles of the Rhineland than that such a thing should be perpetuated.

THE opening chorus of "The Sinosset Follies" consisted of six young men and six young ladies in yachting costume (or what passes in Sinosset as a yachting cos-

tume). The lyric to this chorus was written by J. Foster Wrenn, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee and a perfect peach of a chap who, had Fate not made him an indifferent architect, would most certainly have given both the Gershwins a run for their money. All the lyrics in the show, you will find, were written by J. Foster Wrenn, and based on existing lyrics by Lorenz Hart and Buddy De Sylva. Mr. Wrenn also coached the show and worked awfully, awfully hard to make it a success, and everybody ought to be awfully grateful to him—or else take a good sock at him.

The opening chorus is followed (after a short wait while the back-drop is disentangled from the borders) by a sketch showing one of the less attractive phases of social life in Sinosset, intelligible only to very old Sinossetites and not very pleasing even to them. The author of the sketch is not mentioned, and the supposition is that the actors are making it up as they go along. Then comes a number in which a young lady and young gentleman sing and, what is even worse, dance to, "You Took Advantage of Me," for which they can be prosecuted and sent to jail by the management of "Present Arms!" now running in New York. And if the management of "Present Arms!" have any social conscience at all they will hire Clarence Darrow and spend millions on the prosecution. This department will head a subscription list with \$100 right now.



WHEN "The Sinosset Follies of 1928" breaks up at a quarter before one in the morning, its patrons have been treated to three paraphrases of current popular songs, two very long monologues (one of which was fortunately cut short in the middle by the monologist's falling off the platform and disappearing for good), a finale to the first part, a finaletto, a grand finale to the whole show involving fourteen more people than the stage would hold, and four comedy sketches based

on topical Sinosset situations which were not essentially dramatic in themselves and which, even had they been excerpts from "The Wild Duck," would have lacked a certain something as entertainment. These were interspersed with rather long announcements by J. Foster Wrenn in person, who, in common with three or four thousand amateur announcers throughout the country, had seen M. Balieff on his first appearance in this country and had been known as the local "Balieff" ever since for no discernible reason. This epidemic of amateur Balieffs is one of the major harms done this country by the introduction of the Chauve-Souris eight years ago.

As it was rumored back-stage that a representative of Ziegfeld and one of the Shuberts in person were out front looking for possible metropolitan material, all of the actors were in great form and doing their best, which, unfortunately, was not quite good enough.



We have singled out "The Sinosset Follies of 1928" because it is representative of a type of entertainment which is going on all summer from Maine to—what is the name of that state?—California, but other productions which we have seen in our tour of inspection have just as little chance of getting into New York in the fall. Among them we may list the revival of "Pinafore" given, much to the disgust of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, by the summer colony at Eagle Lake, Michigan; a kermess entitled, "Around the World with the Roses," which had the ostensible excuse of providing recreation for the indigent pets of Santa Ira, California; and, as bad as any of them, a performance of "Within the Law" given by a summer stock company composed of "guest stars" from Broadway who were taking their vacations by not learning their lines for a new show each week.

The fact that the Drama survives the body-blows given it by amateur and professional organizations each summer should be proof enough that it is an essential feature of our civilization. It should be proof enough, but, for us, it isn't.

Robert Benchley.

The Confidential Guide to current plays will be found on page 24.

THE RADIO



Summer Complaints

THE PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA has started its season of what are laughingly known as open air concerts, the big optimists. These concerts are broadcast on Thursday evening, and when Willem van Hoogstraten lifts his baton it is a signal for the rain to come down in buckets and thunder and lightning to sound their A. Whereupon Mr. van Hoogstraten and his musicians flee from the Lewisohn Stadium to the Great Hall of the College of the City of New York. But even the Philharmonic Orchestra can't cheat old Mother Nature; the thunder still continues to rend the vitals of your radio set.

This little game of tag between the Philharmonic and the weather has been going on for several seasons. And the weather always wins. Mr. van Hoogstraten is the Noah of conductors. Farmers everywhere whose crops are dying out for lack of water pray for the opening of the Philharmonic's open air season.

It is really too bad because, on paper, the concerts sound good. But I have spent years trying to catch one in its entirety. And many an evening has been darkened by worry over poor Mr. van Hoogstraten's trousers. The announcer always tells you that Mr. van Hoogstraten is wearing starched white pants.

In that long dash through the rain from the Stadium to the Great Hall, Mr. van Hoogstraten's pants must lose all of their starch and most of their whiteness. His laundry bills must eat up most of the profits from the engagement. My suggestion to Mr. van Hoogstraten is to show up some night in a raincoat and khaki knickers and see if he can't change his luck.

* * *

BUT this is not constructive criticism. What's the use of telling you about good music that you can't get? And there is no cause for a panic about Mr. van Hoogstraten's pants until television becomes a reality.

So, by way of being helpful, I recommend James van Steeden's Palais d'Or orchestra to your kind attention. Mr. van Steeden is new to the air and he fills in odd half-hours over WEA and the Red Network. He plays jazz but his jazz has that mellow Paul Whiteman tone. Furthermore, he apparently hasn't heard that there is a law compelling radio orchestras



"Dammit, take that wrist watch off, Mike. It ticks so loud it's driving me nuts!"

to play both "Ramona" and "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" at least once on every program.

And just to prove that I can appreciate Higher Things, I recommend the too brief concerts of Hans Barth presented on Sunday at seven o'clock. Mr. Barth gives programs on the piano and harpsichord. And you have no idea how good it seems to hear a harpsichord after all these years!

* * *

COLONEL E. R. GREEN has resumed his great work of battering down New England inhibitions by way of the radio. Two years ago Colonel Green, who lives in South Dartmouth, Mass., made the horrible discovery that remote sections of New England were completely isolated from radio entertainment during the summer. Fearing a wave of genuine Eugene O'Neill madness over the whole district, Colonel Green installed his own station at South Dartmouth. Because of the scarcity of jazz bands in the hills of Massachusetts, Colonel Green, who probably has a secret craving for the Main Street Sketches, is pumping the programs of WOR into the huckleberry region. And so that explains the South Dartmouth credit line you hear in station announcements.

Agnes Smith.

TAKE HER, MY BOY

YOUTH: I'd like your permission to marry your daughter.

HER DAD: Suppose I refuse it?

YOUTH: I'd retaliate, sir, by leaving her on your hands.



"Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to announce that the laying of the cornerstone of this beautiful building will have to be postponed. Our horned toad has just died."



"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE"

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*

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ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD, *Editor*

LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary-Treasurer*

A SUMMER which might have been tolerably placid, if the politicians had observed the self-restraint which the rest of us impose on ourselves without an effort during the heat waves, has already been rendered uncomfortable by the search for issues.

Well, if the politicians cannot be happy without an issue one supposes that they must go on till they find it; but the non-political observer is not so powerfully impressed with the need of it. Four years ago we had a perfectly good presidential campaign, in which a great deal of acrimony was generated, several million dollars were spent, and a good time was had by all; and one is unable to recall that there was any issue in that campaign, except the preservation of this republic from the Bolshevik menace embodied in J. P. Morgan's lawyer. It is only a guess, but as good a guess as anybody's at this stage of the argument, that the only issues that will count in this campaign will be those that the politicians most sedulously tried to bury. And it is another guess, but not devoid of plausibility, that the election may be decided by the people who do not like Smith's hats or Hoover's collars.



If some of us are unable to get up an overpowering excitement over this dark-lantern searching for the burning problems that obsess the nation, it is because it seems to us that an issue far more important than any that are likely to be raised in the course of the fall has been settled already. Whoever is elected in November, we shall have for the next four years a President who will lead and not follow. That discovery is no news,

but it does not appear as yet that any large number of people realize what this may mean to the spiritual comfort of the American people. For the last three years we have enjoyed such an easy opulence as no great nation has ever known before, except the Roman republic when its armies were plundering the Orient, and sixteenth-century Spain when every galleon brought in another installment of the treasures of Mexico and Peru. As in Rome and Spain, there were a good many people in this prosperous nation who missed out on the prosperity; but America as a whole wallowed in ease and luxury which seems to have been the consequence of divine favor rather than of our own endeavors.

The Government did not do a great deal to create or foment that prosperity; but at least it abstained from anything that might seriously have hampered it. Mr. Coolidge's masterly inertia may have been the outgrowth of his temperament rather than a reasoned consequence of his study of the times; but it was what the nation needed, or at least the industrial part of the nation. This was a time when the best thing the President could do was to go with the crowd. When Mr. Coolidge did not go with the crowd his vetoes, as a rule, were promptly overridden. But a nation that still remembered Wilson, who not only led us but tried to drag us (even if he tried to drag us in the right direction), was well content with a President who, like Petronius Arbitrator, acquired as much renown by his inactivity as others had won by their diligence.

But the Golden Age seems to have passed its peak; the business slackening of the past year may not have been very serious for the nation at large (however painful for the individuals immediately affected); but the slackening, and the slow recovery, indicate that the day when

gold could be picked up on the streets is gone. It may return; in an economic situation without precedent, prophecy is more than usually unsafe. But it looks as if for the next four years we might need a President who will not only find an exit but lead us to it, rather than one who will merely give his official benison to the wondrous works of Providence.

And whether we need that sort of President or not, that is the sort we are going to get. Smith's leadership began before the Democratic Convention was over; and though Hoover has not said much at this writing, there are indications that he has been doing things. If it was he who muzzled the garrulous Dr. Work, he has already deserved well of his party, and perhaps of his country too.

But do not deceive yourselves, fellow citizens; with a man in the White House who acts and thinks, life is not going to be as somnolently comfortable as a good many Americans have found it during the much celebrated Coolidge Boom. If the President thinks, some of the rest of us may have to think too, unwonted and distasteful as that occupation may be. In this dreary prospect it is some solace, perhaps, that in all likelihood we should have to do some thinking anyway; it may not be such a bad idea to have the President thinking as well.



THAT leadership is something which the politicians, at least, will accept reluctantly is suggested by the excitement stirred up by Al Smith's remarks on Prohibition. For days thereafter the papers were full of comment on it by politicians; and almost all of the comment dealt with its political wisdom or unwisdom. Would it win Massachusetts? Would it lose North Carolina? That it was the statement of an honest man who would not go back on his principles for a mess of pottage, even though the pottage was more palatable and nutritious than that which was ultimately served to poor Jim Reed, was the natural explanation of the average reader, but one which does not seem to have occurred to the average politician.

The politicians ought to have been comforted, however, by Smith's remarks on farm relief. For the chief point of that pronouncement was that if Smith were elected he would call a conference of farm leaders to decide what ought to be done to relieve the farmer; and when they had come to agreement on that point, Smith would try to do it. Considering the differences of opinion among farm leaders,

that was as neat an adjournment of a difficult subject to the Greek Kalends as has been seen in a long time.

PROHIBITION, the principal pillar of this republic, looks as if it may undergo some vigorous shaking before the year is out, even though it is unlikely to be shaken down; but it is a pleasure to note that one of the minor props of our national culture has just survived a severe shock and come through as strong as ever. This is the Amateur Spirit, concerning which there was much discussion lately in connection with Mr. Charles Paddock. Mr. Paddock was a runner whose running raised thousands of dollars in gate receipts to send American competitors to the Olympic Games; but after the money was raised it turned out that Mr. Paddock might be a professional, because he had done some running in a motion picture for which the gate receipts went to the producers and exhibitors, not to the American Olympic Committee. It has now been made clear that Mr. Paddock, from the ingrained habit of an amateur, donated his services to the motion picture industry; so he has been triumphantly rehabilitated, the integrity of American amateur sport has been vindicated once more; and no harm has been done except for the resignation of the Vice-President of the Olympic Committee, who seems afraid that the whole episode will engender suspicion. The gentleman's fears are overdrawn. No one of a suspicious turn of mind would last long in the amateur sport business.

VISITORS to New York this summer will see a good deal of the ravages of a disease which is likely before long to spread to their home towns—the current enthusiasm for what is called Modern Art. There are various kinds of modern art; indeed this particular branch of it, concerned mainly with furniture and interior decoration, seems a rather belated flowering. Its basic principle is incontrovertible—that form should proceed from function; that an object designed to serve a purpose should be useful first of all, and that its beauty should be an adjunct of its utility. As an eminent French practitioner and interpreter of the movement puts it, a house is a machine to live in, a chair is a machine to sit in. Why should not houses and chairs have the beauty, combined with utility, that we know how to give to the machines in which we drive around town?

This is a sound philosophy; but unfortunately Modern Art at the moment is



"But, my good man, who cares about such old stuff?"

not only a philosophy and a movement but a craze, and the sudden demand created a supply more notable for quantity than for quality, as any lengthy perusal of a couple of hundred Fifth Avenue shop windows will demonstrate. All of which could be dismissed without worry if it were not that the Modern Art movement is interesting and valuable, calculated to make our surroundings more beautiful

and more comfortable as well. A great deal will have been lost if it goes the way of other crazes; and that is exactly what is likely to happen unless dealers and producers show some taste and discrimination. There are those of us who prefer modern art to outdated art; but if we cannot get the two qualities in combination we prefer what is art to what is merely modern.

Elmer Davis.



CADDIE (after third miss): Well, it's great to be out just only even swingin' at 'em, ain't it, mister?

The New Woman

GROOM: I thought you were going over to my mother's to let her teach you how to cook.

BRIDE: I went, dear, but when I got there your mother had trouble with the electric iron, and when I told her I



"Oh, it's all right—your daughter took a fancy to me in my bathing suit and I'm just keeping up the good impression."

thought it was the resistance coil that needed fixing, she asked me what the resistance coil was. So I took the iron apart, showed her just what it was, and fixed it. Then she said that as long as I was there I might take a look at the vacuum cleaner. There was some slight thing the matter with it... the belt wouldn't drive the brushes. Something was the matter with the automatic drain in the washing machine, so I took that apart and cleaned that. And you wouldn't believe me if I told you the condition the electric refrigerator was in. I don't believe your mother took it apart since she bought it. Now, at home we girls used to take turns doing that. And, dear, remind me to go to your mother's next Tuesday. I promised I'd take her over to the airport and show her a few of the more elementary principles of aviation. She's taking a real, serious interest in it, and inside of a month I think she'll be ready to try some solo hops.

H. F. Mueller.

A GREAT EMPTINESS

LITTLE EMMA was crossing the desert with her parents in their high-powered, well-equipped motor. She became unusually silent for a while, and then surprised them by saying: "Mother, I never saw so much nothing in all my life."

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children



Won't You Give This Little Girl a Hand?

IN the very heart of New York there is a garden spot—green and quiet and locked safely away from a rude world behind a high iron fence.

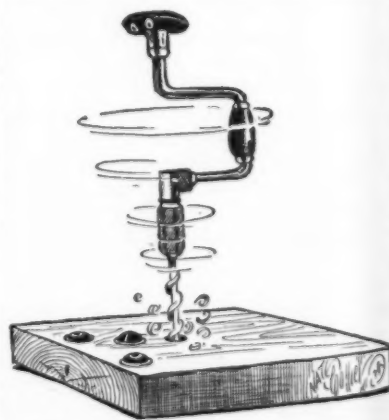
You have to be possessed of a key to get into the garden, to walk around its paths or sit under the trees and watch the gardener busily snipping at the bushes.

It is called Gramercy Park.

During the unendurable heat of last week it wasn't what you'd call cool in Gramercy Park, but it was cooler than most places in New York. It was, in fact, the Arctic region compared with the stifling lower East Side which clutches in its grim and ugly tenements thousands of the city's poor, and an outlying section of which, strangely enough, lies very near this little green oasis in the arid town.

The palings of the Park fence are just far enough apart to allow a small face to be pushed—not through—but far enough in to afford the owner a good view of the delectable place.

The other day we beheld such a face peering into the Square. Pathetically young, tragically wise, all pallor and yearning, and dumbly bewildered at a world so partisan that she, having no key, might not (Please turn to page 28)



THE AUGER: Oh, I beg your pardon—I'm boring you?



NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

Philadelphia

A GREAT many of our young swells are much put out, Miss Norma Gray having married an Englishman, Mr. Christopher Kemball, and is now honeymooning with same.

***Horace Wiggins, popular and enterprising mine host at the Benjamin Franklin, was cited officially by the Bureau of Aeronautics recently for his air guidepost on the roof directing wayward aviators to our airport. Times can't get too modern for you, Horace!

☛ Fireflies are being seen these evenings hereabouts.

***Public Library officials wish to state that the original copy of "Alice in Wonderland," on view there, is not for loan.

***Ye scribe wishes to answer the recent slur against the fair name of our town, i. e., that a store window here still bears the sign "Food Will Win the War." This sign is in a Chinese French hand laundry, and there is a right good-sized war in the laundryman's country, as any educated person will tell you.

***Men are at work hundreds of feet up, repairing the hat on William Penn's statue, atop City Hall. Those boys are our idea of Mad Hatters.

John Forbes.

Chicago

Mr. JOHN HERTZ, who has several extra radiator caps, is thinking about buying some more cars to put them on.

***Some of the men over at Swift & Co. butchered a hog yesterday.

***Doc Kegel, our popular health commissioner, is busy investigating our orange juice stands. Doc thinks he ought to fix a legal limit on the no. of bbls. of orange juice that can be manufactured from one orange.

☛ Hip flasks are now on sale at the ten-cent store.—*Adv.*

***Talk of building a subway is again being heard here. Ye ed bets if they ever get this thing dug it won't be long before the White Sox are in it.

***Local florists are complaining of business being sort of dull, due to none of our big gangsters being buried recently.

Asia Kagowan.

Cleveland

VACATIONS are the order of the day.

***The Van Sweringen boys were East on a business trip recently.

***Many of our fellow-townsmen are loud in their praises of "Johnny" Risko, the Cleveland pugilist or "prize fighter" as some call him, experts predicting that he will meet the winner of the Tunney-Heeney "go."

☛ Not many on the sick list at this writing.

***Carmi Thompson, our able ex-candidate, has retired from the senatorial race, he having retired from so many of the same that it does not bother him much any more.

***"Newt" Baker gives it out as his opinion that "Al" Smith will win, and "Newt" is often right.

***Mr. Woolworth has opened his new emporium at the E. 105 St. corners and there is every prospect that the venture will be a success, he being well liked by many of our local shoppers. See his adv.

***Ye scribe heartily agrees with ye Editor anent his choice for the presidency. Our ticket: For President, Will Rogers; for Governor of Ohio, Pete Witt.

***Your correspondent took our vacation as usual on Cape Cod and enjoyed many a fine dip in the "briny." But after all there is no body of water more beautiful than good old Lake Erie though it is too dirty to swim in on acc. of the sewer.

☛ Bring in your items if you want to see them in print. We can not get around to everybody every week.

Ted Robinson.

Houston

THE STOCKINGS or bare legs for chorus girls controversy which has been raging in our fair city for some time culminated

in a committee of business men being appointed to attend a bare-legged show and tell the public just how outrageous it was. Ye scribe was invited to accompany the committee, but the move failed of its purpose because the members of the committee forgot what they were there for and had a good time.

***Our well-known citizens, Jesse H. Jones, W. W. Fondren and J. M. West, each gave \$50,000 to St. Paul's Methodist Church the other day. Everyone is wondering what they have been up to.

***Ye scribe attended a birthday party at the palatial home of Col. ("Colonel" not "colored," the abbreviation being used to save space) Andrews the other night. Ye scribe wishes the Col. many more of the same, and may we be there.

***Norma Sterling is still pleased with her visit to Sewanee University to attend the social functions which marked the close of the term. Ye scribe asked Norma if it was a girls' school or a boys' school, and she said it had always been a boys' school previous to her visit, but now it is a girl's school, and she knows the girl.

☛ Logan Waterman who was married recently and has been having his wife de-appendicized has got quite fat and strong while he has been living at restaurants.

***Mrs. Forrest Smith has been spending a few weeks in Gotham with her daughters Rosalee and Kathryn. The young ladies are very beautiful and popular and ye scribe is awaiting their return with considerable curiosity, as up to the time of their departure neither of the young ladies had learnt to smoke.

Judd Mortimer Lewis.

Seattle

QUITE a few housewives are putting up fruit and with their husbands, these summer days.

***The Karl Kruegers have been in Vienna and places this season where Karl is leading a symphony orchestra and looking up new tunes for the town band to play next winter.

***H. Firestone of Akron and sons visited here recently. They talked some about Hoover and tires. Harve says he would like to vacation here this year if Henry Ford and Tom Edison will come with him, which we think they won't.

***Lots of conventions are being held here with extra-territorial sessions in Victoria, B. C.

✂ The Reps. and Dems. are at each other's throats as usual. Some mud is being thrown but most of it is the in-your-eye kind, we observe.

***Ted Hatch, president of our Chamb. of Com., delivered another Welcome to Seattle speech last week. Ted says he's made so many that he can do it without looking at his cuff once, now.

***The new Seattle Airport has been named Boeing Field after Bill Boeing the home town boy who has run the trans-continental air mail for a year without reading a post card.

Hal Burdick.

Kansas City

TRUE to ye ed's steadfast prediction after all others had despaired, summer arrived in our midst this month.

***A couple of bob-haired girls hiking from N. Y. to Calif. were put off a train here the other day.

***Will Rogers, our favorite candidate for Pres., who was a prominent figure at the natl. convention here and at Houston, stayed over a day between conventions and gave a benefit for the family of "Happy" Smith, a brave policeman who was killed by bank robbers here during the convention. Will didn't hurt his chances by this kind act, either, is our opinion.

***Opal Hill of our town beat Miriam Burns Horn, the Nat'l champion, also of our town, for the Trans-Mississippi golf title for ladies at Minneapolis, and look out for another good match between these 2 in Virginia in Sept., when the national tournament is played, is our tip.

✂ The new yellow paint on the fire plugs makes it difficult for anyone to park near one and get away with it, except yellow taxis.

***Parson Bill Stidger, who played host to Sinclair (Red) Lewis, when Red was here getting dope for "Elmer Gantry," has accepted a call to Boston, Mass.

***Lawyer Jim Reed announces that he will support the ticket nominated at Houston, and will doubtless take the

stump against the Hoover ticket. Jim flings a mean aspersion when he is right.

C. H. Thompson.

Boston

MOSQUITOES are in season.

***Ab Lowell is enjoying a three months' vacation from his job as president of Harvard. He is spending it riding around Cataumet on a bicycle, although he could afford an automobile. That bicycle stuff is probably just a blind to keep this year's crop of seniors from trying to sell him bonds.

***Several Massachusetts boys will enter West Point this fall to study to be Roxy ushers.

✂ Essence of juniper is enjoying a nice sale at drug stores this season.

***Excursions are being run this summer to let out-of-towners see Plymouth Rock. What the railroads won't think up next is beyond us.

***John F. Fitzgerald, the popular song plugger who put "Sweet Adeline" on its feet, is already on his second straw hat of the season—both new.

***Joe Toye of the *Traveler* wrote a piece the other day about an actor dying without saying the curtain had rung down on the deceased for the last time. There ought to be some kind of Pulitzer prize for novelty writing like this.

Neal O'Hara.

Newport

Most folks here are of the opinion that at least two of the statues proposed for erection on the Mount Hope Toll Bridge, which will be finished come next July (1929), ought to be of Herb Smith, our popular meat market prop. and chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, and Art Sherman. Herb thought up the original idea of the bridge and Art draws a considerable salary as chairman of the Bridge Commission, as well as having been one of the Republican senators who eloped to Rutland, Mass., when the famous Democratic gas bomb went off in the Senate Chamber.

✂ Out-board motors are popular with the younger set this season.

***Only two schooners on Rum Row, so far, reports Ed, our society bootlegger, who can remember the day when there were sixty at this time of year. Although the Coast Guard makes things hot for Ed he says they are square shooters.

***As a result of the efforts of "Fifi"

Widener, Muriel Vanderbilt Church and others of the younger generation the bars at Bailey's Beach and the Newport Casino have been let down this summer so that "men and women of good character," as well as folks prominent in society, are being admitted to these formerly exclusive meccas.

Lloyd Mayer.

Detroit

WE wish to correct a statement appearing in these columns in a recent issue that Chet Shafer would buy a new hat in 1932. Chet says he has no such intention.

***A new bridge and tunnel, over and under the river respectively, will be finished within the year, it being a very popular trip to Canada for those on business and etc. bent.

✂ News items are scarce this week, as nearly everyone is busy going on vacation, getting blown up with bombs, being married and so on.

***Our hustling Prohibition agent is charged with smashing up a blind pig, but we are told the case against him will not be pressed. "I do not believe he would have done it if he had been sober," the owner of the place said.

***Henry Ford bought an old-fashioned horse car in New York, but is working at home on a gas wagon which he expects to ride in mostly, 'tis said. Besides being a smart farmer and mechanic Henry is a regular bear at dancing.

***Miss Sheba, the flapper elephant, is at home to many callers of the youthful persuasion at her country place on the island these summer days.

Elmer C. Adams.

San Francisco

REV. CHAUNCEY J. HAWKINS delivered an interesting sermon on "Sex" recently.

***Mr. Harry Lyon and Mr. James Warner are expected back soon from Australia where they went on a recent business trip via Hawaii and Suva.

***Some scoundrel dented the left rear fender of Reed Hayes' snappy Winton last week. Mr. Hayes was able to give Policeman Gus Reaer a good description of the fiend.

***Mr. Idwal Jones, who writes pieces for the exclusive *American Mercury* and is over in fashionable Europe, is reported to have bought himself a Schnauzer-Pinscher, but we don't know if it is a sedan or a coupé.

***Mrs. Elizabeth Hayes (no relation to



HE GOT THE IDEA FROM AN OSTRICH
The humiliated golfer who missed a six-inch putt.

the Hayes whose Winton was injured) has been honored with a life membership on the board of directors of the South of Market Girls. She is affectionately called "Lizzie" by her many friends and they are legion.

Adolph Uhl gave a sizzling talk a few nights ago protesting against something else.

Mr. Tsuneo Matsudaira, who has charge of the Mikado of Japan's branch office in Washington, D. C., spent a pleasant few hours here on his way home to Tokio, which is the capital of "The Cherry Kingdom" (Japan).

"Ping" Bodie got himself a nice hit a few games ago but he only went to third, in spite of the advice of several fans that he could of gone home. "Ping" used to be with the Yankees, leaving them just before they started the winning habit, though we guess that was just a coincidence.

Chet Johnson.

New York

THEODORE DREISER of near Bedford Hills was a visitor to Geo. Bye's place near Stamford.

Miss Phyllis Smith of Morristown, N. J., will be one of Aug. 4's brides, to John Swayze of Newark.

Electric iceboxes are pretty common in town now, and we wonder how long it will be before there is a device invented for cooling houses.

The road in Weston, Conn., to ye scribe's farm, Indian Spring, is so bad that Mont Glass thinks we ought to call the place Broken Spring.

The streets in this town are in a bad condition of paving, they being full of holes, 5th av. being no exception to the charge. How long must we endure this, is what we ask.

James R. Angell pres. of Yale University is abroad on the continent of Europe, picking up ideas about teaching. Jim got over too late to see the Davis Cup tennis matches, although he was a member of the University of Michigan tennis team before the Chicago World's Fair.

Franklin P. Adams.

IT'S A GRAND OLD NAG

"Does your wife nag you as much as formerly?"

"Yes; but now she calls it psycho-analyzing."

GOLDEN Wedding anniversary for a companionate marriage—the end of the first week.

NO TRESPASSING!

"LET me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man," sang the poet, who, a week later, decided to place an electrically charged fence around his apple tree.



BRAKEMAN: Well! Ya didn't expect ta see me, did ya?

TRAMP: No—but I'm awfully glad you came. I want you to throw out those bags of apples. They smell something awful!



"THE GREATEST SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY SINCE ALEXANDER HAMILTON."

PROSPERITY

VICKERS: I understand Jake is a big director in Hollywood now.

WICKERS: Yes, he's so changed you wouldn't "no" him.

SAFETY FIRST

FULL many writers for the Press,
When garbing news in gala dress,
Have very circumspectly hedged
Behind that saving word, "Alleged."



MRS. PEP'S DIARY

July 2 Hard at my accounts all the morning, my bank balance these days resembling that of the treasurer of a bazaar committee after all expenses have been paid, and I am resolved not to go inside a shop until September, when, with any luck soever, I shall again be solvent. Then to pick up Jessie Smith, and we to Sheepshead Bay along the pleasant Ocean Parkway, stopping for luncheon at Tappen's, of crab flake cocktail, chicken gumbo, steamed clams, lobster, broilers, asparagus, ice cream and coffee, with spring onions, radishes and watermelon pickle on the side, a deal of food, methought, for two dollars and fifty cents per capita, yet we did eat it all. Thence to Lundy's fish market, where we did provision ourselves with baskets to carry back to town, Sam, whose middle name is St. Clair, saying later that if my current passion for seafood does not abate, he can change said name to Steamed Clam without working any havoc with the marking of his linen. Along the main street of Coney Island before heading homeward, and it did strike me that another of the first signs of age is to look dispassionately at a carousel or roller coaster. Home betimes and at my books, reading in a fine new edition of François Villon that he was by no means the romantic hero which most of us believe him, that he loved only with his senses and that all his verse about love is mediocre, and what we shall do if these biographers keep destroying our illusions I know not. Lord! I shall never forget my feelings when I learned for the first time that Moses did not write the Pentateuch nor Columbus discover America, and even now I do hear things almost every day which incline me more strongly to the conviction that ignorance is bliss. Reading after dinner in "Early to Bed," another novel of young people in Paris, and I did mark it as strange that Bijie O'Brien could wash her neck with a piece of ice from her tumbler at Ciro's, and yet pass the money for the bill *under the table* to one of her escorts.

July 3 Up very betimes, because of the humidity, Sam vouchsafing the wish that he were a bird, albeit what percentage he should derive therefrom I cannot perceive, since birds do

never sit or lie down even when they sleep. Out to the kitchen to mix a cock-tale of clam juice, adding tabasco, Worcestershire, celery salt, etc., by sheer guess-work and shaking all over fine ice, and it did turn out to be even tastier than those we get from the club, so now I am cast down that I did not make a note of the proportions, for I do fear that it will never eventuate so successfully again. Then to the hairdresser's for a permanent wave, the heat in the room so great that it did seem foolish to apply any extra to my head, and when I did discover that the zany who rolled my hair had not taken in enough on the right side and had lost my pet holding comb as well, I was at some pains not to slap her face, but I did give her as generous a tip as I should have if all had gone well, albeit I do not hold much with the coals-of-fire theory. To luncheon with Millie Wilkins, and we did agree on the undesirability of having guests use their ash trays for coasters and speculate as to why persons having but a few French or Italian words are always so eager to work them into their conversation. And Millie did mark the rise in the social scale of one of her friends by stating that the first year she knew him he had a Buick and went to Bermuda, the second he had a Packard and went to Paris, and the third he had a Minerva and went to Africa. Thence home, to find Galsworthy's "Swan Song" awaiting me, and it does seem sad that never again will we write about old Soames Forsyte, whose tragic death in this book is one of the most exciting and pathetic things that ever I read in my life. This night, during dinner, our Katie did receive one of those "Come at once" telegrams, which so often coincide unfortunately with legal holidays, but Sam, after interviewing her at some length, returned and quoth, "Well, I really believe her father *is* dead."

Baird Leonard.

The Evolution of Pleasure

ONCE "you recreated yourself with congenial companions."

Or "you had a merry evening of jolly fun."

Or "you went out for a good time."

Or "you went on a bender."

Or "you attended a brawl."

Or "you caroused with your companions."

Or "you hit the high spots."

Or "you painted the town red."

Now "you make whoopee!"

A. L. L.



SPORTSMEN *and* SPORTS

Athletes—Hot and Cold



There is an opportunity at hand for some scientific investigation. The Olympic Games will furnish the subject matter. An Italian medical authority contends that distance runners are developed in cold countries, not in warm countries.

The same learned physician states that climate has a great deal to do with athletic aptitude for various sports. Thus the inhabitants of warm countries excel at games that put a maximum premium on speed, whereas the denizens of colder countries excel at games that put a maximum premium on strength. The French now excel at tennis, for instance, and before Lacoste & Cie. took over the court crown, the United States, which is a rea-

sonably warm country at times, topped the world on both sides of the net. Then again, the Latin countries have great soccer teams. These are games in which speed is the most important asset.

Now for the colder climates. Weight throwing calls for main strength and it's true that Finland has turned out some fine shotputters, hammer throwers and discus heavers in recent times. Almost all wrestlers come from Russia, which is a possible explanation of the general suspicion with which that country is viewed by other nations.



LITTLE BOY: I just wish I was a girl so I wouldn't have to wear any clothes when I grow up.



"Forty bucks I give for her, Ed, an' I turned in th' old car fer thirty-five. So I ain't out such a heluva lot, as yuh might say, figger'tively speaking."

from Sweden and Dr. Otto Peltzer from Germany, which may be considered a cold country just to help along the argument. Anyway, it's cold there in winter.

But no runner from the icy regions ever won an Olympic sprint race. The United States produced most of the sprint champions, but South Africa produced one in Walker and England produced another in Harold Abrahams.



Everything is fine so far and the Italian physician can pat himself on the back by way of congratulatory exercise. But what if Joie Ray wins the marathon race which will be run off at Amsterdam within a few days? Joie, originally from Kankakee, has been an inhabitant of Chicago in recent years and that's a mighty hot town from all

accounts. A victory by Ray wouldn't be what the doctor ordered.

There's a chance to check up on the medical opinion all the way along the line. If our men take the sprints and the Finns, Swedes and Germans take the distance events, the theory will be upheld. If Pentilla of Finland wins the javelin event—this fellow stands on the ice along shore and harpoons whales miles at sea—it will be a victory for cold climates and strength. If Frank Wykoff, of Los Angeles, takes the 100-meter dash, it will be a triumph for warm weather and speed.

But what if Kuck of California should win the javelin toss or the shotput and Houben or Kornig of Germany should get home first in the sprints? The doctor might dig up some evidence to prove that Germany is warmer than he had suspected, but if he even attempts to link California with cold weather there will be—just a moment, please! Ah, here it is!—approximately 4,857,643 persons

on his trail, all with malice, mayhem and murder in their eyes.

The pleasantest feature of an argument like this is that you can always find statistics to prove anything you want them to, and, at the same time, to prove nothing.

John Kieran.

SOME TERRIBLE THINGS TO CALL YOUR ENEMY

CHIVALROUS
Bourgeois
Mid-Victorian
Highbrow
Law-abiding Citizen
Total Absterner

W. W. W.

"You want to know the secret of my success? Well, I give the people what they want."

"Gosh! But isn't that against the law?"

THE POLITICAL FRONT



Artful Dodgers



THE AMIABLE Colorado physician who is managing Mr. Hoover's campaign is not having a very happy time of it. The first few weeks of his Chairmanship of the Republican National Committee have given Dr. Hubert Work some bad mo-

ments, his initial appearances having been productive of pretty fights with newspaper correspondents. Dr. Work began to announce that he had been misquoted on this and that—a familiar dodge of politicians to cover their own errors of judgment. He thereupon shut down and appointed a spokesman, or rather, he appointed two spokesmen. One of Dr. Work's official mouth organs is Mr. Henry Allen, former Governor of Kansas; the other is Mr. Harry Brown, Washington correspondent of the Salt Lake *Tribune*.

This is the first time that a man in

active charge of a campaign for the Presidency has surrounded himself with the paraphernalia of protection against press curiosity. Most campaign managers are frantic for newspaper attention. The truth is that Dr. Work is afraid to open his mouth for fear of hurting Mr. Hoover.

He was an excellent organizer of Mr. Hoover's pre-convention round-up of delegates. From his vantage point in the Department of the Interior, Dr. Work put in months of quiet, obscure, but effective activity in behalf of his Cabinet colleague. But he is totally unfit for the job of directing Mr. Hoover's campaign. His jargon to the effect that this campaign will be operated on the principle of "centralized authority and decentralized responsibility" has made nothing of a hit with other prominent Republican managers, who interpret this oracular phrase as meaning that Dr. Work will get all credit if everything goes well, and that his subordinates will be blamed if anything goes wrong.

Dr. Work has cherished for some years a strange ambition to become Chairman of the Republican National Committee. The obscure nerve specialist who was First Assistant Postmaster General under Will H. Hays in 1921 was not content when he became Secretary of the Interior in succession to A. B. Fall. He wanted to be top-dog politician in Republicanism, and he has got his wish. Mr. Hoover is not without gratitude and I presume he had no other choice than to put Dr. Work in charge of his campaign, thus offending the industrious Mr. Good of Iowa, who

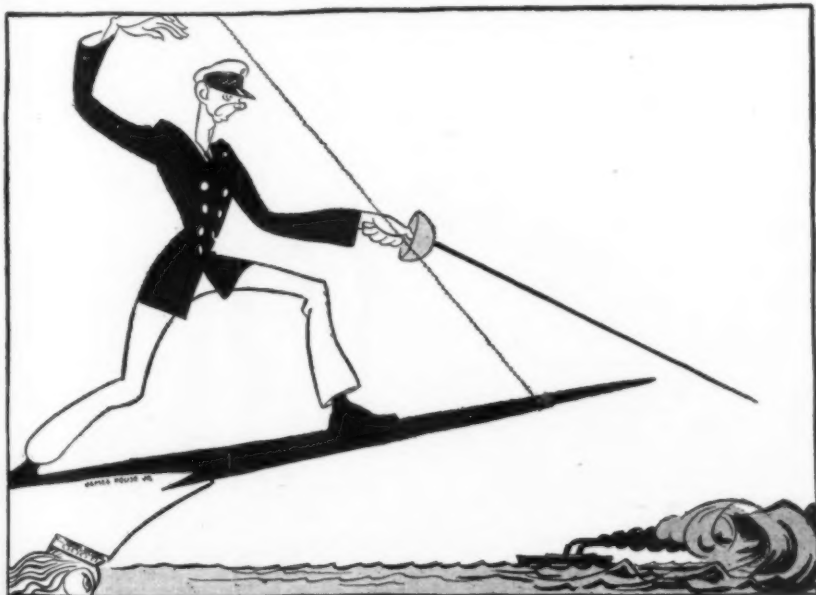


"Do you take any interest in the political campaign?"

"Naw. When it's all over, what have you got? Just another President."

is still in a condition of frenzy at being relegated to an inferior position in this Hooverish universe. Mr. Hilles of New York and Senator Moses of New Hampshire do not conceal their opinion of Dr. Work's ineptitude and altogether the atmosphere is far from one of cordial co-operation. Full of dignity and silence, Dr. Work has immured himself, leaving two interpreters to purvey his sentiments to a waiting public.

THE REPUBLICAN campaign, in other words, is not going to provide any fun. Mr. Hoover, upon his nomination, at once terminated his frequent contacts with newspaper correspondents, on the ground that it would be improper for him to say a word in advance of his speech of acceptance. Thus the candidate and his manager are both inaccessible to press inquirers, both frightened of seeing their words in print. I find something delightful in twenty-five Republican editors' being brought down to Washington from New York, given lunch in secret and afterwards treated to one of Mr. Hoover's earnest dissertations, on the understanding that his opinions were given in strict confidence—not for publication, but "for



THE WEEK-END GUEST WHO WAS TOLD HE MIGHT MEET UP WITH SWORDFISH.



BATH TERMINATION BY BRUTE FORCE

editorial guidance." This may be high-class and dignified, but it suggests that Mr. Hoover is in a panic, doubtful of his own judgment, determined to play safe.

I AM disappointed and for a selfish reason. I have been forced to accept the ridiculous and unnecessary system under which the



President evades responsibility for his own statements to our Press through the interposition of mythical "spokesmen," "visitors" and "friends." I had imagined that Mr. Hoover would not utilize any such expedient, which is

open to serious objection both from the viewpoint of newspapers and from the more important viewpoint of sound public policy. To judge from his performance thus far, Mr. Hoover will do nothing to change this system, if elected.

I intend to watch Alfred E. Smith very carefully. The moment he begins to lock doors and to answer questions through a spokesman, I shall abandon both regular candidates and be prepared to vote the straight Rogers ticket. "Ghost" writers for athletes, motion picture stars and aviators are perhaps permissible, but candidates for President of the United States should speak their own pieces. What with radio and official press representatives and other devices to protect candidates from public scrutiny, it will become possible for a man to retire to his bedroom on being nominated and not to emerge again until after Election. The frank, free and vigorous discussion of issues, which is part of the democratic tradition, will soon be left to candidates for Alderman, Sheriff and County Dogcatcher.

Henry Suydam.

TEACHER: Why did Joshua command the sun to stand still?

PUPIL: For daylight saving.

—Life Lines—

A MACHINE confiscated in Ohio is said to have the virtue of aging raw liquor ten years in a night. Much of the liquor now in circulation has the same effect on the customer.

⌞

BELIEVING it has a bad effect on the youth of the land, Mussolini has barred the word "pessimism" from the Fascist dictionary.

Pa, what's an optimist?

⌞

PERCY GRAINGER, the pianist, is to be married in the Hollywood Bowl. This is a structure capable of holding 20,000 guests, in which case the bride had better take along a spare lipstick.

⌞

MOST of the embattled farmers who marched on Kansas City and Houston with pleas for agrarian relief, have by now returned to their respective law offices.

⌞

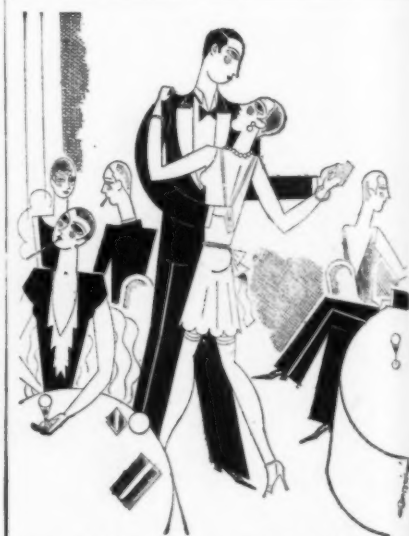
A TIMID tourist, planning to drive West through Ohio, would like to be advised which day it is that Remus can be insane on.

⌞

PITY the poor Chinaman: he never knows where his next liberator is coming from.

⌞

"BOTH fighters," says Mr. Grantland Rice, of a pair of heavyweights, "can 'take it.'" And, no doubt, they can also count it.



"It's only three o'clock, and I'm fed up with this place already."

"Ya-as. One hardly knows what to do with one's self until bedtime."



THE SILENT DRAMA

"The Racket"

THERE have been several excellent crook melodramas on the screen within the past year, but "The Racket" is by all odds the best of them, just as the play from which this picture is adapted was the most creditable result of the recent crime wave on Broadway.

"The Racket," as a play and (thank God!) as a picture, is without hokum. It has plenty of sentiment and plenty of thrills, but they are of the sort that one may experience in reality, not the sort that are administered through a dramatist's hypodermic syringe in the theater. The story is brief, candid and to the point; it tells of an honest police captain who tries to fight the political corruption and crime of an American municipal government (the original scene of the play was Chicago, but any American city will do). He finds out, soon enough, that the presumable forces of "law and order" exist primarily for the purpose of supplying protection for leaders of the bootleg ring, that the state penitentiaries are equipped with revolving doors.

When the story ends, you are not given to believe that the gallant police captain has effected a complete reform in his city, or that the local government thenceforth will be conducted solely in the interests of the taxpayer. Indeed, "The Racket" leaves you with the conviction that its hero is about to be taken for a ride by the henchmen of the Mayor.

There is a faint semblance of love interest in "The Racket," the protagonists being a cabaret girl and a guileless cub reporter. But when, at the finish, he attempts to take her arm and lead her out into a typical Hollywood sunset, she breaks away from him with the remark, "I'm sorry, kid—but I ain't going your way."

BARTLETT CORMACK, who wrote "The Racket," also took the trouble to adapt it to the screen. If more authors followed his example, there would be a great deal less lamentation over novels and plays that lose their virtue in Southern California.

Mr. Cormack, it must be added, has been extraordinarily fortunate in having

Lewis Milestone to direct his picture, and Thomas Meighan, Louis Wolheim, and Marie Prevost to act it. Mr. Meighan, who has recently been counted out as a popular star, gives what is easily the best performance of his career.

"The Actress"

"TRELAWNEY OF THE 'WELLS'" is another play that has received reverent treatment in the movies. The title has been changed, but the graceful, leisurely, well-bred sentimentality of the story has been retained.

Sidney Franklin directed "The Actress" and has done an admirable job. Norma Shearer indulges in some of the jumpy tricks that marred her performance in "The Student Prince," but she manages to be genuinely nice and appealing.

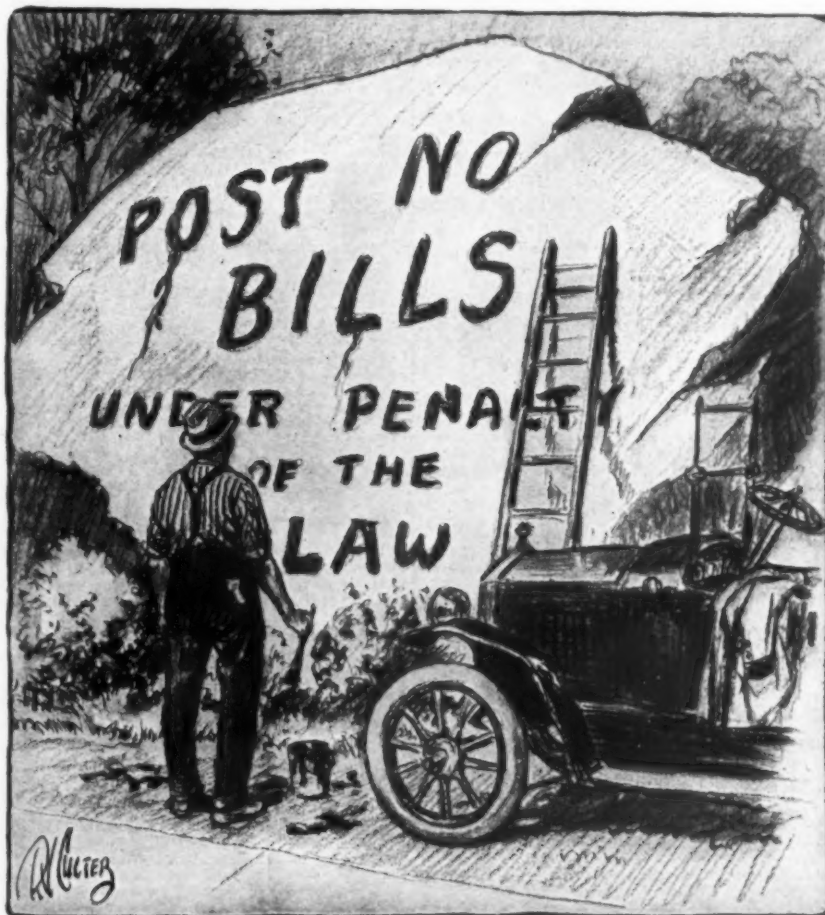
IN spite of the worth of "The Actress" as a picture, everyone who saw "The Players"—and subsequently George Tyler's—revival of "Trelawney of the 'Wells'" will realize that this play can only be done right when it is done by real actors—preferably elderly actors—preferably elderly actors who pronounce "chair" as though it were spelled "cheer."

R. E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments, a guide to current moving pictures, will be found on page 24.)

MYTH

"You'll take this seat and like it, you big bum," said an usher in the cathedral of the motion picture.



OWNER (with satisfaction): There, that'll stop 'em. Them advertising vandals ain't going to disfigure this landscape.



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Drama

More or Less Serious

Coquette. *Maxine Elliott's*—Gradually the list is getting thinned down to where this tragedy of young love, with Helen Hayes, is about the only thing in town really certain of satisfying.

Diamond Lil. *Royale*—A mixture of old-time 'twent'-thirt' and Mae West, new-time ten-twent'-thirt'. A lot of people find entertainment slumming at it.

The Ladder. *Cort*—It now looks as if we should have to review the new version next week. Nothing else seems to be opening.

Porgy. *Republic*—A drama of Negro life, done with such effectiveness as to be one of the important productions of the past season.

The Silent House. *Shubert*—If you are easily chilled by the presence of malign Chinese and the presence of knives, this might be as good a place to keep cool as any.

Strange Interlude. *John Golden*—Judith Anderson has replaced Lynn Fontanne in the difficult rôle of Eugene O'Neill's contemplative heroine in her five-hour run of the emotional gamut.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. *Sam H. Harris*—Interesting cross-section of a courtroom during a spicy murder trial.

Comedy and Things Like That

The Bachelor Father. *Belasco*—Very pleasant results obtained by a father (unmarried) getting acquainted with his various love-children. Cast includes June Walker, C. Aubrey Smith and Geoffrey Kerr.

The Intruder. *Belmont*—To be reviewed later—perhaps.

The Lawyers' Dilemma. *Belmont*—To be reviewed next week, if at all.

Married—and How! *Little*—With the dropping-out of better shows, this one goes up in the scale, but not enough to make it worth coming in from the country to see.

The Royal Family. *Selwyn*—Top among the comedies.

Skidding. *Bijou*—Regulation small-town home-stuff.

Volpone. *Guild*—Beautifully staged Renaissance comedy built along hearty lines. All right if you like hearty Renaissance comedy.

Wanted. *Wallack's*—Not bad, but nothing to get excited about of a summer's evening.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Black Birds of 1928. *Liberty*—Plenty of superlatively good features make this colored show one of the best in town.

A Connecticut Yankee. *Vanderbilt*—Modern slang and excellent music injected into Mark Twain's book. William Gaxton and Constance Carpenter.

Good News. *Forty-Sixth Street*—Nearly a year old and still going very fast and strong.

Grand Street Follies. *Booth*—If you like imitations of stars, here are some of the best you have ever seen. No competitor of Mr. Ziegfeld in other respects.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Winter Garden*—A good, cool theater with a show which has "Dr." Rockwell as its chief distinguishing feature.

Present Arms! *Mansfield*—Life among the Marines set to music with entertaining results. Charles King and Joyce Barbour.

Rain or Shine. *Cohan*—Joe Cook's show, which ought to be enough to recommend it.

Rosalie. *New Amsterdam*—The always comical Jack Donahue and the always Marilyn Miller Marilyn Miller.

Scandals of 1928. *Apollo*—Mr. White's new revue, making nine good ones in all. A cast of stars

including Harry Richman, Frances Williams, Willie Howard, Tom Patricola and Ann Pennington.

Show Boat. *Ziegfeld*—A big, beautiful show with a tuneful score. Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, Puck and White, and Norma Terris.

The Three Musketeers. *Lyric*—Elaborate and pleasantly romantic musical comedy with a Dumas background.

Robert Benchley.

Silent Drama

Recent Developments

The Drag Net. *Paramount*—Another fine picture of the great war between the yeggs and the dicks—well acted, well constructed, well directed.

The Cossacks. *Metro-Goldwyn*—John Gilbert, who can outsmile the best of the toothpaste indorsers, in a none too thrilling romantic melodrama.

The Lion and the Mouse. *Warner Bros.*—How a meek little miss (impersonated by May McAvoy) outwitted a financial giant (played, and to the hilt, by Lionel Barrymore)—with some spoken dialogue.

Wheel of Chance. *First National*—Richard Barthelmess stages a second comeback, and again under the direction of Alfred Santell. The story is an interesting one, about Russian twin boys who are separated at birth and finally come together in New York, of all places.

Fazil. *Fox*—Showing what happens to a blonde girl who marries a dusky sheik. (Note: He poisons her.)

The Street of Sin. *Paramount*—The enormous Emil Jannings in a melodrama that is gripping and moving, though improbable.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh. *United Artists*—Lon Chaney as a buffoon who dies so that the girl he loves may marry the man she loves. Well done, but not worth the trouble.

The Magnificent Flirt. *Paramount*—A fine performance by one Albert Conti, who appears with the decorative Florence Vidor in a bit of Parisian fluff.

The News Parade. *Fox*—The mildly diverting adventures of a young and enterprising camera-man who gets both the picture and the girl.

Ladies of the Mob. *Paramount*—Clara Bow manages to keep her shirt on throughout this one.

The Big Killing. *Paramount*—The last co-starring vehicle of Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton, and if any tears are being shed over the breaking up of this comedy team, they don't emanate from these old eyes.

Ramona. *United Artists*—Long, sad, beautiful and dull.

Tempest. *United Artists*—John Barrymore looking and acting his best in a red Russian setting.

Street Angel. *Fox*—A sluggish love story which could have been (and should have been) told in one reel.

His Tiger Lady. *Paramount*—Adolphe Menjou impersonates another humble Frenchman who dresses up and wins the lady of his choice.

Across to Singapore. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Heroism and villainy aboard an old windjammer, with Ramón Novarro supplying most of the former element.

Mother Machree. *Fox*—Belle Bennett as an Irish mother who discovers that America is a little bit of heaven, too.

The Trail of '98. *Metro-Goldwyn*—An epic of the gold rush to Alaska, which starts out wonderfully well and ends indifferently.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. *Universal*—The old sentiment, the old hokum and the old thrill.

The End of St. Petersburg. *Hammerstein; The Man Who Laughs, Universal; Wings, Paramount, and Sunrise, Fox*—These are recommended.

The Racket, Paramount, and The Actress, Metro-Goldwyn—Reviewed in this issue.

R. E. Sherwood.

Reading Matters

Fact

The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism. By George Bernard Shaw. *Brentano's*—A deceptive title covers the essence of the Shaw philosophy of life.

Houdini: His Life Story. By Harold Kelloch. *Harcourt, Brace*—The legend of the Handcuff King is no less exciting and impossible than any fiction thriller.

Wayne Wheeler, Dry Boss. By Justin Steuart. *Revel*—Interesting to students of the Prohibition question, but too dull for general reading.

"Oh, Ranger!" By Horace M. Albright and Frank J. Taylor. *Stanford University Press*—A book about the National Parks, and a good one.

Fiction

The Island of Captain Sparrow. By S. Fowler Wright. *Cosmopolitan*—The author of the much touted "Deluge," not content with being a second H. G. Wells, must needs be a second Munchausen to boot.

The Strange Case of "William" Cook. By Richard Kaverne. *Harper's*—This tale has one merit in that it gains its effects without the aid of shots, cadavers, or any other manifestations of the mystery writer's art. Fair.

Swan Song. By John Galsworthy. *Scribner's*—The last of the *Forsytes*, and, while that famous British family is just a bit too genealogical for our tastes, we are sorry. Excellent, of course.

Jerome; or, The Latitude of Love. By Maurice Bedel. *Viking*—The Norwegians were a little too aboveboard in their lovmaking for this young Frenchman, who preferred his affairs without benefit of frankness. This year's Goncourt Prize novel, and no wonder. More, please, Monsieur Bedel!

Trader Horn: Volume Two—"Harold the Webbed, or The Young Vikings." By Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. *Simon & Schuster*—Another aspirant for the mantle of the good Baron Munchausen. Highly recommended by Messrs. Galsworthy and McFee; which just goes to show what bad judgment can be displayed by good authors.

The Battle of the Horizons. By Sylvia Thompson. *Little, Brown*—A young American girl marries a young Englishman, but discovers that she married his family, too, and that a mutual language does not necessarily mean a mutual understanding. Sylvia Thompson stands very high on our list of authors who have something to say, and say it surpassing well.

The Window. By Alice Grant Rosman. *Minion, Balch*—A book like this can be read and enjoyed for its own sake and not from any sense of duty. Recommended deck-chair reading.

The Six Proud Walkers. By Francis Beeding. *Little, Brown*—The inevitable young Englishman with time on his hands, and his casual acquaintance, who is really in the Secret Service, combat a blood-thirsty crew of international trouble-makers.

Scissors Cut Paper. By Gerard Fairlie. *Little, Brown*—Even the most avid of mystery gulpers will gag a little on this one. Counterfeiters and secret passages are fair enough, but that death ray is too much.

The Fifteen Cells. By Stuart Martin. *Harper's*—Short, connected stories of criminals and their little mistakes told by the warden of an English prison to divert the attention of another criminal. Having neither hero nor heroine, without recourse to the supernatural, the yarn manages to be interesting.

And Also

What'll We Do Now? By Edward Longstreth and Leonard T. Holton. . . . **The Road to Heaven.** By Thomas Beer. . . . **Quiet Cities.** By Joseph Hergeheimer. . . . **Tammany Hall.** By M. K. Werner. . . . **But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes.** By Anita Loos. . . . **Sunset Gun.** By Dorothy Parker. . . . **The Virgin Queene.** By Harford Powell, Jr. . . . **The Closed Garden.** By Julian Green. . . . **The Grosse Murder Case.** By S. S. Van Dine.

Perry Githens.

DUNLOP'S 40 YEARS

"WHAT OF IT?... Even if Dunlop has had the longest experience in tire-building, does that affect my car?"

No. Not the mere fact of 40 years' experience. That might mean nothing. But there is big meaning to you in the *success* of Dunlop's 40 years.

Such sustained success shows that Dunlop *knows how* to build maximum value into tires. The 26 million Dunlop tires now running form

a world-wide evidence of Dunlop's superiority.

For 40 years, year after year, old friends have been sticking to Dunlop and new friends have been turning to Dunlop. These millions of motorists must be right. They have had *experience* in using Dunlops. *They know.*

As soon as you try a set, you, too, will *know.* You will find that Dunlop's successful experience means extra value to you.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY • BUFFALO, N. Y.

"DUNLOP CITY"

Supreme in quality for 40 years, Dunlop has grown until its productive properties—if combined in one place—would form a vast Dunlop City of over 100,000 acres.



Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



"Are you reading 'My Life,' by Mussolini? How does it come out?"
—LE CANARD ENCHAÎNÉ (PARIS).

TWO STRINGS TO HIS BOW

GUILLAUME TELL of Marseilles, France, is mentioned as a likely contender in the Olympic marathon. He is said to have remarked, when interviewed, that there is no money in the apple-shooting racket any more.

—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

A GOOD IDEA

A BOSTON paper prints a puzzle showing a young blond man playing a saxophone with the end plugged up, and the caption is, "What is wrong with this picture?" We think it is all right.

—Detroit News.

"I have not known a single day's freedom from indigestion since last Jane."—Local Paper.

JANE was the cook, of course.

—Humorist (London).

SUGGESTED title for political book: "Dead Issues Are Faithful Issues."—New York World.



"Look, Tita; something about me in the paper!"
"Really? What does it say?"

"It says, 'In the month of March the trolley company carried 15,738,526 passengers'—well, I was one of them, wasn't I?"

—BUEN HUMOR (MADRID).

VERSE FOR THE FIRST OF THE MONTH

WHEN I was young (or maybe, five)
And glad, so glad to be alive,
Oh, how my fancy used to itch
To be—how shall I put it?—rich!
A millionaire, it seemed to me,
Was quite the only thing to be;
A millionaire, or billionaire,
Or trillionaire—let's leave it there!
Well, now my jolly youth is dead,
My pretty, infant fancies fled,
And here I sit and brood and itch
To be—how shall I put it?—rich!

—Samuel Hoffenstein, in D. A. C. News.

In a few cases there's something in a name. John Blaha is a saxophone player in Omaha.—Atchison Globe.



The Runaway
—GUTIÉRREZ (MADRID).

A WASTE OF ENERGY

To a backward pupil the teacher said:

"If you never learn to write how will you be able to carry on correspondence when you grow up?"

"I won't have to do any writing," the boy replied, cheerfully, "because all of my folks live right in town."—Youngstown Telegram.

LIKE A COLOSSUS, ANYWAY

"Q. How tall is Babe Ruth?
"A. The geological survey says that in geologic terms the period which has elapsed since the Colorado river began to cut the Grand Canyon is not determined very closely and an attempt to put it in years is speculative."—Detroit News.

THERE you are!—New Yorker.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT

"CYRIL is getting to be quite a little ruffian. I caught him shooting at Lindbergh with his pop-gun to-day."—Harvard Lampoon.

A BARGAIN sale is an arrangement whereby a woman can ruin one dress and buy another.
—Greenville Piedmont.



"We admit, your Honor, that my unfortunate client murdered his wife, but it was only the first time!"

—L'INTRANSIGEANT (PARIS).

AN AUTOGRAPHED COPY

Do you know this one that happened to Marc Connelly in Hollywood? He was introduced to a certain movie actor. "An author," said the movie actor. "Say, did you ever write a book?" Marc admitted that there was a book of his plays.

"Yeah, but it's a book, isn't it?" asked the actor. "You know, it's got a stiff cover on it, kind of?" Marc was quite sure it had.

"And," continued the actor, "right up in front it has a blank page? You know, an empty page with nothing at all on it?" Marc thought so.

"Good," said the actor. "I'll tell you what you do. You write something on the blank page and then you sign your name and then you give me the book and I'll put it on the table in my house."

"What for?" asked Marc.

"I don't know," confessed the idol of the screen. "But they're all doing it here in Hollywood. It's kind of the latest fad."

—Smart Set.



YANKEE: Gee! I guess that motor was doin' seventy—

YOKEL: Look out! Ye've got another guess comin'.

—LONDON OPINION.

WHEEZY

FIRST COLLEGE: I didn't think much of Bill's old car, did you?

SECOND COLLEGE: No, two or three of the wisecracks missed fire.

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

IT'S ALL WRONG

"THERE used to be a fellow in my town," said a delegate to the convention here, "who tried for years and years to beat another chap playing poker. This second chap was no good at anything except poker—he was a deadbeat, a drunkard, erratic and frequent in his love affairs, and generally a civic liability, but he could play poker. The first fellow was a good business man, generally speaking, and went to church and loved his family. But he kept on trying to beat this bum until he lost his store, his money, and most of his standing in the community.

"I can't understand it," he said, the day the bank took over his store. "I don't see why the good Lord lets that fellow win, he's so damned immoral."—*Kansas City Star*.

NEXT WEEK: "A DOLL'S HOUSE"—
BRING THE KIDDIES

ACCORDING to an East Side neighborhood movie house, there is a new cinema satellite in the field, to quote from the marquee caption:

"VICTOR HUGO IN 'LES MISERABLES'"
—*D. A. C. News*.

WHEN a woman really loves a man, he can make her do anything she wants to do.

—*Pearson's Weekly (London)*.



"And how do you pass the time up here?"

"Waiting for the aviators to discover us."

—*L'Esquella de la Torratxa (Barcelona)*.

"What is the plural of 'it'?"

"A chorus."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

A CONSTANT REMINDER

A LADY ran away from her husband and went to live in a hotel. After several days she went back to him. She said she couldn't stand looking at the sign on the hotel door every time she went out; it troubled her conscience. The sign was: "Think; have you left anything?"

—*Weekly Telegraph (Sheffield)*.

Glass Ginger Ale with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters
delightful tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail,
25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

MONOTONY

As the fire-engines dashed by, and smoke appeared far off against the sky, one of those men who lean over barriers to watch the electric drill at work said to his companion: "I hope it's not the big building at the corner again. I've seen that twice."—*London Daily Express*.

1ST SHIPWRECKED SAILOR: Anything left?

2ND Do.: Nothing but this old shoe. Heh! heh!

1ST Do.: Well, let's get down to brass tacks. Heh! heh!—*Yale Record*.

We read in the papers of the beginning of a Beautiful Romance: "He entered the darkened movie and sat down in an occupied seat."

—*Detroit News*.

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"This removes the only objection I ever had to golf—the walking."

"Out of deference to the Greens Committee I suppose next time we really ought to have these horses reshod without cleats."

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PERHAPS the chain you are wearing now was given to you. Or perhaps you picked it at random, with no thought of the watch to which it would be attached. . . . Whatever the design of your watch, there is a Simmons Chain that will seem to you expressly made for it. . . . A new chain costs very little.

Simmons Chains, made of seamless gold-filled wire, manufactured under our own patents in our own factory, may be obtained in natural gold, green gold or white gold. Priced from \$4 to \$15. The chain shown here is a Waldemar, No. 29587. Price, \$11.25. Your jeweler will be glad to show you his complete assortment. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.



magnificently generous readers. Twenty (\$20) dollars will pay for one little needy person for eighteen days at either of the Camps. More will take more than one child. Less will go a good way toward accumulating the necessary funds for one holiday. So, no matter what you may have in your pocket or your bank when you finish reading this, *send us something—please*. Ten cents—ten thousand dollars! All checks should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

L. A. F.

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(Continued on page 30)

a smoking



forecast

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For the frequent use of Squibb's adds mellowness and flavor to even the finest smoke. Its bland antacid action lulls the mouth into a soothed freshness and gives you protection against harsh taste and heavy breath. It contains over 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia.

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For the Hair

Play the SILVER KING



"What's the matter, Bill, earache?"

"Earache nothing—a 90 degree slice came across two fairways and plugged me in the neck."

"That must have been Les Martin. Last week he took a mashie on the ninth and holed out in a vanilla sundae on the club house porch."

"Why don't the members make him give up golf or reform him? Make him play nothing but Silver Kings."

"I'd just as soon get a repaint in the neck as a Silver King. What's the difference?"

"Psychological entirely. Even when a dub plays this best of balls, it helps his game a lot. It gives him confidence to play the best ball made. He knows the King gets distance easily and he doesn't press. It takes one great uncertainty out of a very uncertain game. To play the Silver King is the greatest piece of golfing psychology I know."

Silver King—
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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PERILS OF PRONUNCIATION

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

SIR:

I should like to make a suggestion anent a new department in LIFE. Every week sees at least half a dozen new names appearing before the American public. New movie stars, politicians, playwrights, etc. The correct pronunciation of these unfamiliar proper or perhaps improper names is a puzzle to a multitude of people. Why not devote some space in LIFE to helping the puzzled mass out of their difficulty, and incidentally, oh, very incidentally, help to increase your magazine's circulation? I, for one, would be only too glad to pay fifteen cents to know if it is Grēta Garbo or Grēta Garbo, or both, or neither; and to quote from an old war ballad, "there are a hundred million others like me."

S. A. SPENCER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Anyone who attempts to correct the average citizen's mispronunciation of proper names is sneered at as a highbrow and a nuisance. We wish we could convince people that Roosevelt is not pronounced "Rewsfelt," that Tunney is not "Tueney," that Menjou is not "Mennjo," that Radio is not "Raddio," but we know it is a hopeless task. In the case of "Greta," the "e" should be pronounced as "ay," as in F. P. A.'s pun, "Greta Garbo hath no man." If you take our advice, however, you will string along with the bunch and pronounce it "Greta" or, better yet, "Greeter."*)

FROM A FRIEND

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

SIR:

I do not recall a time in my life when I experienced such a sense of loss as I do in reading LIFE and noting that Mr. Martin is to retire as the Chief Editorial Writer.

When you have read a man's writings from the first to the latest and have been liberalized and enlarged by his work and views, it is not easy to adjust one's self to the absence. His natural force has not abated and it seems to me that we must have another period such as we had when he visited Europe a few years ago and LIFE lost its savor....

However, my three sons (all of them World War Service men), who have read LIFE since they could read, think the change is to be desired. Of course LIFE cannot be what it was thirty-five years ago, because only fresh young hearts and minds, with their illusions un-

(Continued on page 32)



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What the Well-Dressed Man Wears.

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The man who takes pride in the correctness of his clothes values the unique FIT and COOL COMFORT of "B.V. D." Shirts, Drawers and Union Suits.

Insist on this Red Woven Label:



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"Next to Myself I Like
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All day long, and in the evening too...your hair is properly in place!



NO MATTER how strenuous your day may be . . . no matter whether it includes tennis, golf, motoring and dancing . . . Glo-Co will keep your hair well-groomed every hour. Glo-Co is not a preparation which mats down your locks into a sticky mass. Glo-Co does not impart an artificial "shininess". . .

The new Glo-Co is a clean liquid which not only keeps the hair in place, but acts as a tonic too. It fights dandruff, conditions the scalp. Its fresh fragrance is something quite different from the ordinary heavy scent of most hair preparations. If you can't get Glo-Co at your favorite department store, barber shop or drug store, send fifty cents for full-size bottle to Glo-Co Company, 6511 McKinley Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. Same price in Canada, 10 McCaul Street, Toronto.

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NOTHING BUT REFRESHMENTS

WHEN Betty came in from the children's party she had attended her mother said: "Well, daughter, did you have a nice time?"

"Oh, yes," said Betty enthusiastically, "it was the best party I ever tasted."

—Chicago Tribune.

COMPOSITE

"I SHALL overlook nothing, in case I am nominated," explained the Adroit Politician. "I intend to be photographed in an Indian suit while pitching hay beside the log cabin where I was presumably born."—Detroit News.

Roses and Razzberries

(Continued from page 31)

dispelled, can give to LIFE that captivating insouciance that marks the June of life. Perhaps I represent an individual, perhaps a number, but, as it is Flag Day, I feel like putting the flag at half-mast.

Do you remember when we sent three dollars to give a little fellow his fortnight vacation? Recall the present cost for the same service. Perhaps that is the reason that LIFE has made a necessary change, to keep abreast with changing conditions. However, I do hope that we are not to miss the most necessary periodical of the times.

CAESAR A. ROBERTS,

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

ROGERS AND HUBBARD

ROGERS CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS.

GENTLEMEN:

I arise for the purpose of advocating the selection of Kin Hubbard ("Abe Martin") as the running-mate for Will Rogers. Kin Hubbard is Indiana's sagest sage. For years and years he has been selecting the choice follies from the never-failing bumper crop of our land and satirizing them with devastating brevity and irony. Out of the mouths of fools and babes and Abe Martin's rustics cometh wisdom. As to the honesty and integrity of Abe, is it not enough to say that he has never been Governor of Indiana? Let the ticket be Rogers and Hubbard, and the slogan: *No Platitudes!*

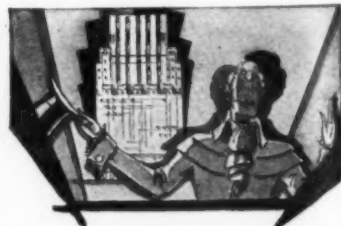
P. L. WHITE.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

"Who's going to marry that girl?"

"Dunno yet. I'm in the semi-finals."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.



New York's Newest Hotel

The Piccadilly

227 West 45th Street
At B'way—New York

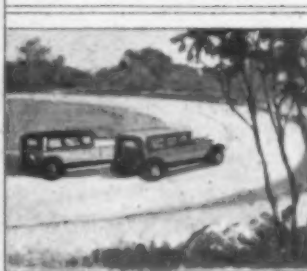
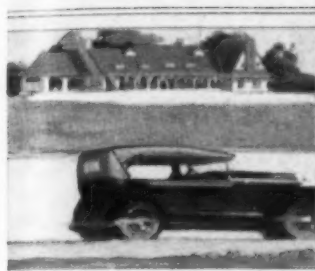
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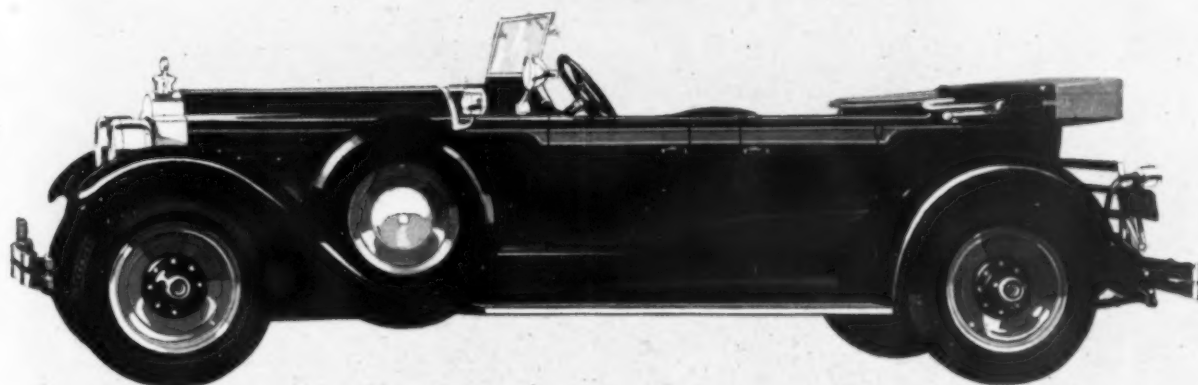
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A colt from a long line of blue-blooded thoroughbreds, expert attention, careful conditioning—then the private test to prove its expected speed and stamina



EACH succeeding model in the long line of famous Packards has been a little nearer to that perfect combination of fine car qualities which is the Packard goal.

For Packard, in thirty years, has slowly learned how to achieve beauty of line without loss of roominess and comfort, how to provide abundant power without excess bulk and weight, how to give long life and economical operation combined with unsurpassed performance.

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